A Dish Best Served

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/8164471.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Freddie Lounds
Additional Tags:	#RudeTrip Fest, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Murder Husbands, Canon-Typical Violence, Public Hand Jobs, Public Blow Jobs, Exhibitionism, Fluff and Smut, Prompt Fic, Prompt Fill, Minor Character Death, only hinted at
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Life Is Delicious, Part 4 of Fests & Challenges
Collections:	#RudeTrip
Stats:	Published: 2016-09-29 Words: 1,200 Chapters: 1/1

A Dish Best Served

by ishipthemsogoddamnhard

Summary

Will & Hannibal are finally coming for Freddie Lounds...and the mere thought has them so hot and bothered they can't keep their hands off each other on the journey.

Notes

I wrote this for the #RudeTrip Challenge in response to my lovely fannibal friend jadegreenworks giving me this prompt:

"You're pretty happy for a dead man"

If we could all ignore my AWFUL fourth-wall joke that would be great ;)

As the plane leveled out and people settled in for the duration of the overnight flight, they angled their bodies towards each other, Hannibal at the window and Will in the middle, heads close in conspiracy as much as intimacy. There was nobody sitting beside them, only across the aisle where a young couple – newlyweds perhaps – appeared to be dozing off on each other.

It had been around 14 months since the…incident...with the car, and Freddie Lounds' last damning article on the subject of Will & Hannibal's relationship. The plans had started a year to the day since it had happened (that is after some rather messy, icing-smudged kitchen sex to celebrate).

The false travel documents were procured one rainy night, tickets booked for New York, and they would drive the rest of the way to call for her, in order to deflect any residual suspicion on the transport networks. They were flying from London – the house and now office of Hannibal's which they settled in being in a quiet corner of southern England. Hannibal could see patients there and, much to his amusement, Will turned out to have a strikingly good accent that he used to blend in with the local people.

"Are you tired?" Will asked softly.

"No." Hannibal answered, "Honestly I wondered if this day would ever come." He said in just as hushed a tone, looking up meet Will's gaze with eyes dark and glittering in the few artificial lights above those people who were still reading. Will loved these times, more common than before, when Hannibal was softer and more open. They were just for him.

"Me too." Will admitted with a small smile before he lowered his head to lean into Hannibal's shoulder, his body warm and inviting from the blanket he had draped across him. Will didn't really feel the cold after a huge chunk of life spent outdoors and in the snow, but he enjoyed the feeling of sitting like this. He snaked a hand across Hannibal and rested it on his stomach, as he often did on their couch. Hannibal took a shaky breath, the one that usually meant he was losing his cool, and Will lifted his head to look at him, a little puzzled.

Hannibal was watching him intently and caught his chin with his right hand to angle Will's face up for a slow kiss by way of explanation.

"I have to confess." He whispered in between the sliding of lips, "The whole affair has got me rather…" He trailed off, knowing Will and he understood each other well enough that there was no need to go on. He was correct and Will drew back to look at him questioningly.

Here?

Hannibal answered the silent question by pulling Will closer for another steamy kiss, guiding his hand lower to show him how serious he was, with the growing bulge in his pants. Will cut off his moan at this discovery, aware of how quiet they would have to be, and deftly undid Hannibal's zip. Will slid his hand inside, between the silky fabric of underwear and skin. He grasped Hannibal's erection firmly and greedily swallowed the breath Hannibal let out sharply as they kissed.

Will jerked him quickly but with small movements, trying to only use his wrist so as not to let on what they were doing, hidden under the blanket. The thrill of their actions ran right through them both and Hannibal's heart was pounding with the effort of not squirming much or making a noise. Will rubbed his thumb over the head of Hannibal's cock, spreading the wetness forming there – he knew Hannibal had a little thing for exhibitionism and that he would be close already.

They kissed hard for all the sound and movements they could not make, tongues pressing and teeth nipping roughly at lips. Suddenly Hannibal's mouth fell open against Will's, his whole body tensing, as he came hot and pulsing over Will's hand. He tried, a little dizzy with the rush of it, to regain his composure as Will went to wash his hands.

****

They were roughly halfway on their drive in the rental car from JFK to Freddie, and they had stopped to eat. As they got back in the car afterwards to continue, Hannibal turned to Will with that look that never failed to make his pulse quicken.

"You know Will….." He purred, reaching over to squeeze his thigh, "I believe I still have to return the favour."

"Favour….f-for the plane?" Will stammered, catching on as Hannibal pressed his hand up to palm over him through his jeans. He could feel himself getting hard instantly. He glanced out the window, the parking lot half full of cars but nobody actually outside. For now. Hannibal didn't wait for permission but roughly undid Will's pants and pulled his cock free, leaning down and plunging it into his mouth before Will could argue.

"Shit!" Will hissed at the sudden warm enveloping of his dick in the cool November air, his hand slamming against the door as the other fisted in Hannibal's hair. He was helpless against the older man's skilled sucking and could do nothing but utter a string of desperate sounding "fuck" over and over, as his wide blue eyes flicked around for people who might see. Under this relentless pleasure, all too soon Will's hips jerked up, pushing his length further as he spilled down Hannibal's throat.

When he calmed down, Will did himself up and fished the key from his pocket to start the car. He risked a glance at Hannibal who looked similarly high on life to what he imagined he must have. The prospect of finally putting an end to that woman's lies had done a number on both of them it seemed, and damn it was fun.

****

When night fell they arrived silently at the crappy motel where Hannibal had expertly located the insufferable bitch. They could see her light on through the window and had already decided that force wouldn't really be necessary. Will knocked - politely not aggressively so as not to spook her - on the door and heard her rise to answer it. As soon as she opened the door Will flattened his hand against it to prevent her from closing it again.

"Freddie." He said dangerously, with a dark smile. He saw the panic register in her face under the blatant shock – she wasn't stupid. Quickly regrouping, no stranger to threats and too bold

at the best of times, she attempted a smile in return that she must have thought was challenging.

“Well.” Her voice almost steady and her head lifted in defiance as Will made careful steps to back her into the room, “You’re pretty happy for a dead man.”

“It has it’s benefits.” He turned to the open door, where Hannibal appeared smirking and silent, like death himself.

“I do my best, Ms. Lounds, to keep my….what did you call him? ‘Murder puppy’….satisfied” Hannibal said, sickly sweet in a way that Will knew meant nothing good. Freddie gasped, as much incredulous about this juicy revelation as she was rightly terrified, as Hannibal handed his husband the knife.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!